

*The Chronicle History*

*Harry.* Peace to this meeting,  
Wherefore we are met;  
And to our brother France, faire time of day.  
Faire health vnto our louely cousin Katherine,  
And as a branch, and member of this stocke,  
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy.

*Fran.* Brother of England,  
Right ioyous are we to behold your face,  
So are we Princes English euery one.

*Duke.* With pardon vnto your mightinesse,  
Let it not displease you, if I demand  
What rub or barre hath thus farre hindred you  
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?

*Har.* If Duke of Burgundy you would haue peace,  
You must buy that peace,  
According as we haue drawne our Articles.

*Fran.* We haue but with a cursorary eye  
Ore-view'd them; pleaseth your Grace,  
To let some of your Counsell sit with vs,  
We shall returne our peremptory answer.

*Har.* Go Lords, and sit with them,  
And bring vs answer backe.  
yet leaue our cousen Katherine heere behind.

*Fran.* Withall our hearts.  
*Exit French King and the Lords.*

*Manet, king Henry, Katherine, and the*  
*Gentleman*

*Har.* Now Kate,  
You haue a blunt wooer heere left with you.  
If I could winne thee at Leape-frog,  
Or with vaulting with my armour on my backe  
Into my saddle,  
Without bragge be it spoken,  
I'de make compare with any.

But

*of Henry the fift.*

But leauing that Kate,  
If thou takest me now,  
Thou shalt haue me at the worst,  
And in wearing thou shalt haue me better and better,  
Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning.  
But doest thou thinke, that thou and I,  
Betweene Saint Denis and Saint George,  
Shall get a boy, that shall go to Constantinople,  
And take the great Turke by the beard?  
Ha, Kate.

*Kate.* Is it possible dat me fall  
Loue de enemy de France?

*Harry.* No Kate,  
It is vnpossible you should loue the enemy of France.  
For Kate I loue France so well,  
That Ile not leaue a village,  
Ile haue it all mine. Then Kate,  
When France is mine,  
And I am yours:

Then France is yours,  
And you are mine.

*Kate.* I cannot tell what is dat.

*Harry.* No Kate,  
Why Ile tell you in French,  
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride  
On her new married husband.  
Let me see, Saint Dennis be my speede.  
Quan France & mon.

*Kate.* Dat is, when France is yours.

*Harry.* Et vous ettes amoy.

*Kate.* And I am to you.

*Harry.* Douck France ettes a vous.

*Kate.* Den France fall be mine.

*Harry.* Et ie suyues a vous.

*Kate.* And you will be to me.

*Har.* Wilt beleue me Kate? Tis easier for me

G 2

To